BLOODY
ACTIONS
PERFORMED.

OR,

A brief and true Relation of three Notorious Murthers, committed by three Bloud-thirsty men, 2. upon their own Wives.

The one was done in the County of Kent, in the Isle of Tenet, Decemb. last.

The other was done at Islington, neere unto London, this present year, 1653.

The third was done upon a Major in Coven-Garden neere London.

Arthur Knight and Thomas Laret was executed, March 2. 1653.

This Coppy was drawn up on purpose to give the world satisfaction, whereby to know in what mann r the murders was committed: Being the very truth, and no more but the truth.

MARSHALL LIBRARY LONDON

Printed for *W. Gilbertson*, at the signe of the Bible in Gilt-spur-street, without New-gate. 1653.

Free (Lawrence)

A Note of the Names of thoſe that were hanged.

HEnry Atkinſon for picking a pocket of three ſhillings. Thomas Merral for ſeverall burglaries. Richard Dove, and John Cony for Robbing the Norwich Poſt. William Silver for burglary. Thomas Hinſcombe for burglary. Robert Woodſtock for burglary, Robert Keyes for wives and Linnen. Silveſter Stanbridge for Robbing a Majors houſe neere VVatford, and for other burglaries.

To the Readers and Hearers.

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THat Conſcience is fled, and Promiſes broken, is a thing that is too well knowne in theſe our froward and diſtracted times, as it may appeare by theſe three unhumane Murtherers, which made ſlaughter of their Lawfull wedded wives.

The manner whereof ſhall directly be here Related, to the end that all Deſperate, Dangerous, and Haſty ſpirited Men may take a ſpeciall care by theſe Examples, that through the Temptations of the Divell, they fall not into the like relapſe.

So with my Prayers to Almighty God for all Men that will endeavour to ſerve the Lord, and keepe the Feare of God before their Eyes,

I remaine your Friend,
Laurence Price.
and ſo goe forward with my wofull Diſcourſe.

Here

Here followeth a brief and true Relation of one Master *Spratling* an Esquire, who lived in *KENT*.

THE World is come to such a passe, that many men make it their common practise and daily pastime to run headlong into the pitfall of mischese: some delights in swearing, some in whoreing, some in drunkennesse, some into one sinne, and some into others: and some there be that are become so bloudy minded, that they make no more conscience to kill a Neighbour, a Brother, or a wife, then they do to kill a dumb Beast or a Dog: As this sad example makes manifest.

It Now that in the County of Kent in the Isle of Tenet, in the Parrish which is called the Town of Saint Lawrance: there lived a welthy Esquire called Master Spratling by name, who delighted much in keeping of Dogs for his pleasure.

And as it is supposed, he loved his Dogs better then he loved his wife: and many times would wrangle and fall out about his Dogs, who in his rage and fury, there was none that could pacifie his wrath so wel as his wife could doe.

One night amongst the rest, being Saturday at night, December last 11. 1653. This Waller Spratling came home in a madding rage, and finding so much fault about his dogs, that no one could tell how to qualifie his anger, in so much, that he made them all afraid that came neere him: at last his loving wife, with kind perswasions, came unto him and desired of him that he would be pleased to pray unto the Lord, and call upon him for mercy, and that he would forbeare to sweare and to curse; whereby he offended his Maker, and wronged his own soule.

But the more she sought to perswade him the worse he was, so swearing and calling his wife many ill names: said that he would be her butcher before the morrow morning: and there withall charged his man that was then present with them, to keep his wife in hold till he went forth to unloose a point and came to them again: for said he to his man, if thou let her goe, I will presently be the death of thee

The young man fearing what his Master would doe to him if he let his Mistris goe, kept

kept her in the roome where she was, til such time that his master had bin forth and come in again, and this is the truth of the matter, that he brought a Cord and a Cleaver with him, and to he bound his man hands and feet and cast him upon the ground.

His Wife seeing that, ran speedily to the Doze, and laying her hand on the Latch, thought to get out of the Roome and scape away, but he quickly stopt her passage, and with his Cleaver gave her such a Chop, that he had almost cut off her hand at the first blow, whereat his wife with much patience spoke to him and gave him never a bad word, but prayed him that he would be so good as to let her fetch a Chirurgeon to cure her Wound and all things should be well: No said he, I can cure you my selfe; And with that word he gave her such a terrible stroke with the Cleaver, that he clobe her head asunder; when he had cut her, and mortified her, that the like was never seen, and that her blood ran all about the Roome: he took a Vessell which he had, and laded up the Woud of his Wife, and put it in the Vessell. After that he went into another Roome where his Dogs were, who when they had smelt the sent of the blood, they fell a bawling and barking at him in a most wonderous sort, as if they had been sensible of the Barbarous murther which he had done to his wife.

But to make short dispatch, he kild all his Dogs, and threw the Carkase of his dead Wife amongst his dead Dogs: then he took his Dogs blould and mingled it with his Wifes bloud, and went to the young man which lay bound, and washt his face in his owne hands in the bloud, and sprinkled bloud upon the walls, and upon every thing that was in the Roome: when he had so done, he unbound his Man, and told him that he had given him his life.

Last of all, he toke his Cleaver in one hand a Pistol charged, and so stood on his Guard all day on Sunday, till such time that the Deputy of the Iland came and disarmed him, and brought him to Sandwitch Prison, where he now remaineth: His Daughter and other Servants which were in the House where he murthered his Wife, had gott up themselves in another Roome, and by that meanes they savd their Lives through Gods Mercy.

Now since Master Spratling hath beene in the Prison in Sandwitch Goale some certaine people that are of his acquaintance, have been to talke and discourse with him: where as one asking him whether he was not sorry for that he had so bloudily murthered his Wife; He answered, that if it were to doe againe he would doe it: and all that he was sorry for, was because he had kild no more

more of them.

The Lord in mercy grant that all Men that goes by the name of Christians, may behave themselves as Christians ought to doe, so that they may not take delight in spilling innocent bloud,

AMEN.

Here followeth another bloudy Example, which is full as bad or worse then that which was done in KENT.

In the Parrish of Islington neere unto London there dwelt a man whose name was Thomas Laret a Carpenter by Trade, he having married a wife which was known to be a very honest woman, and one that laboured and took great paines for her living, and oftentimes would put the money in his hand that she got about a good mens

mens Houses by scowring, and washing and such like labours, yet the vild wretch would beat her, and kick her, and pinch her, and beat her with his fists about the head, so that many times when he came home in his divellish fits, he would beat her with Stake or Club, or any thing else that came next to his hand, till he had made her all of a gore bloud.

His common course of life was to domineer and bauner in all houses to Swagger, drink, roare and fight, and would curse and sweare, as if he would teare down the Heavens, and when he had brought himselfe out of quiet, he would come home and abuse his poore Wife in such a horrible manner, that it would make a tender heart to bleed, to thinke of the Torments that the poore Creature indures: and although that many times his honest Neighbours would, and did gently and meekly chide him, and give good Counsel, he would sweare and curse at them, and deale the worse with her: Saying, if he cripled her, he must keep her, if he kild her, he must be hang'd for her: with these and many such unreasonable unseasonable answers, he would send them packing.

But now behold what after came to passe: the poore woman which is here spoken off, having been amongst some of her friends, and received some small parsell of money for work which she had done, and hoping to please her

froward

froward Husband, she bought a Sheeps head to make him some Pottage against he came home but all that she did or could doe, could not prevaile, for he having been amongst some of his back Companions, came home in a desperate rage, intending to kill his wife, and taking a Stole in his hand, he struck her on the head till she fell to the ground: then drawing forth a Tole out of his Case, which was like unto a Knife, he stab'd and gave her many deadly wounds, whilst she cry'd out in this mournfull manner, saying, good Husband doe not kill me, I pray you spare my life, even for the Lords sake, consider deere Husband that I am with Child, and not above five weeks to goe of my time, and therefore I pray you if you will not spare me for my ore sake, yet spare me for your Childes sake which is in my wombe, yet nothing could move the merciless Villaine to remorse, he never left stabing and striking till he had wounded her to death: one of the Neighbors that dwelt nert to the place stood at the window whilst he was beating his wife, and hearing her make a pitifull moane, durst not goe into the house, but cal'd to him as she stood and bad him not to kill his wife. but he gave her such a villanous answer which made her runne away for feare he should kill her also.

This was done on wednesday morning, Januay 12. the nert morning he went to buy her

her a Coffin, thinking to bury his Wife with speed, and so to colour the matter that his Villany should not be known: But before he could bring the businesse to passe, he was by meanes of the Woman that heard her cry, and another of the Neighbours taken and brough before the Justice of the Peace.

And being examined he was by the Evidence found guilty and was sent by Order of Law unto Newgate Prison, there to remaine till the next Sessions: For its thought that others that had a hand in the murthering of the Woman shall then come to tryall with him.

And now to conclude, the Woman that was murthered had above thirty grievous wounds and stabs in her Body, some in the Head, and Neck some in the Sides, and under the Arme pits some through the Bowels, and Secret part. The like Villanous Act, all them that saw it, said that they never saw the like before.

That this is true, there need no further witnesse, for there went more then a thousand people out of London to behold the Corps of the murthered Woman before she was buried. The Lord send all honest Women better Husbands.

Thus have I laid open to the view of the world, such matters of Murder, that if it were not too well known to be true, and that

it

it was done so neere at hand it would never be believed.

It is said that since the time was limited, that every one might use their own conscience, that it is lawful for every one to doe as they list: but those things are contrary carryed: for although there be liberty of Conscience allowed in some matters, there is no liberty alowed to doe murther.

And although the Divel hath taught his Decipples such a Lesson that they care not who they kill, yet Gods word saith plainly, thou shalt doe no murther.

And now I would have all wilfull and desperate men and women to feare God and take heed what they doe. For if a man have the Conscience to kil his wife: or if a woman have no more conscience but to kil her Husband, the Law will proceed against them: and whosoever kils his Wife shall be hanged for his wife: and although these two vile Wretches have not as yet had their ful tryall. yet certainly they are kept fast in Prison till such time that their triall is to be acted, and then no doubt but they shall be sure to have their desert: and it is verily supposed that one of them, if not both is to be hanged in Chaines, God give them grace to call for Mercy, and to repent them of their evill Actions.

And now to draw to a conclusion, I leave it to the discretion of all conscientious people to iudge of the matter, whether it be fitting

for

for any man to goe abroad and make himselfe drunke amongst evill and perverse companions, and afterwards come home in an antick humor, and call his wife whore and bitch, to sweare and to curse, to kick and to spurne, to cut, strike or stab his harmelesse wife, as tis known that Thomas Laret did oftentimes doe.

It is written in the second Chapter of the Book of Genesis, that a man for that cause shall forsake both his Father and Mother, and all other Friends and Kindred and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh, Gen. 2.23, 24.

I hope there is no man nor woman that is called by the name and title of a Christian, so wicked as to thinke the word of God not to be true: moreover, if we believe Gods Word to be true, that a man and his wife when they are marryed together are termed to be both one flesh: what man will be so wicked as to strike, and beate, and ban, and curse his own flesh which is his lawful & absolute wife: again, what woman, if she believes in God will goe about to wrong her Husband, and to be an offence to him whom she oft to be a helper, Gen. 3.

But this which is here set downe is printed to the end for Men and Women not onely to heare it and loke upon, but also to consider of, and to conclude with the old Proverbe, happe are they that can take warning by other folks harmes.

Thomas

Thomas Laret for murthering of his wife was ajudgd to be hanged on a gibbet at Islington neer unto the place wherere he did the murther.

Here followeth another bloudy murder committed on the body of Maior Furnifall a gentleman of good rank and quality

A worthy gentleman of good account cald by the name of Maior Furnifall which had formerly been a Commander in the wars, in which time he behav'd himself so well, that he gaind the love of all sorts of people, as well in the City as the Country, and whersoever he came he had a diligent care that his souldiers should do no wrong: yet we may see that the best of us all can no ways prevent danger: but by heavenly providence, as may appeare by this gentleman here spoken of, for one day he having been merry with some of his friends, his chance was to light on two of his mortall enemies, being brothers in wickedness for they met with Maior Furnifall, saluted him so they betrayd him with saying, God save you noble Sir, and after their false friendship, they desired his company to drink a cup of Wine or Beere: which Maior Furnifall consented unto so they went all three together into a Cooks house to drink, which house is in Russel-street in Coven-Garden nert unto the rose Tavern, the Cook and his Wife are known to be very honest people, and have the good will and love of all their neighbors, the name of the Cook is Edward Bowers: the two brothers which are here spoken of, one of their names was Arthor Knight, and the other his

his name was Thomas Knight, they having gotten the Water in a room alone, without any one to help or assist him, Thomas Knight held fast the Chamber door whilst his brother Arthur Knight in a most bloudy manner fell upon the Waterman wounded him with his knife, stabd him in severall places, cut his nose in a most grievous manner, and hauling of him down stamp upon with his feet till he left him for almost dead, which having done, took the money out of his pocket and so run forth into the street swearing god damne, that now they were throughly revenged, the Cook when he saw what was done, followed after them thinking to have staid them, Arthur Knight began to draw his Sword, and swore he would do as much to him, whereupon the Cook manfully ran to him and took a Weapon, and by that meanes he escaped with life, so the Cooks wife being a good spirrited woman, ventured her life in her Husbands behalfe, and held one of the Brothers or else her husband might have lost his life. But to conclude the Gentleman dyed with the wounds and bruses which they had given him, one of the Brothers is fled and gone, the other by order of Law condemnd to dye, and to be hang d upon a Gibbet neere unto the place where the Murther was committed: God in his mercy give all men grace to take heed what company they come into, for in these times a man can hardly tell who to trust.

FINIS.

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